

the only enemy I have," and, upon further inquiry, he related what indignities he had suffered from the man for whose life he was now pleading. It is further reported that so shining an example of forgiveness made a deep impression upon Washington, and that the pardon was granted. Miller, with several of his brethren, arrived upon the ground where

the gallows was erected for the traitor's execution just in time to announce the General's act of grace, and to save the wretched Widman from an ignominious death. It appears from the Colonial Records that the latter did not, however, escape all punishment. His property, consisting of several farms and houses, was confiscated, and sold in March, 1780.

## THE LINCOLN LIFE-MASK AND HOW IT WAS MADE.

My first meeting with Abraham Lincoln was in 1858, when the celebrated senatorial contest opened in Chicago between him and Stephen A. Douglas. I was invited by the latter to accompany him and his party by a special train to Springfield, to which train was attached a platform-car having on board a cannon, which made considerable noise on the journey. At Bloomington we all stopped over night, as Douglas had a speech to make there in the evening. The party went to the Landon House, the only hotel, I believe, in the place at the time.

While we were sitting in the hotel office after supper, Mr. Lincoln entered, carrying an old carpet-bag in his hand, and wearing a weather-beaten silk hat,—too large, apparently, for his head,—a long, loosely fitting frock-coat, of black alpaca, and vest and trousers of the same material. He walked up to the counter, and, saluting the clerk pleasantly, passed the bag over to him, and inquired if he was too late for supper. The clerk replied that supper was over, but thought enough could be "scraped up" for him.

"All right," said Mr. Lincoln; "I don't want much."

Meanwhile, he said he would wash the dust off; he was certainly very dusty, for it was the month of June and quite warm. While he was so engaged several old friends, who had learned of his arrival, rushed in to see him, some of them shouting out, "How are you, Old Abe?" Mr. Lincoln grasped them by the hand in his cordial manner, with the broadest and pleasantest smile on his rugged face. This was the first good view I had of the "coming man," though I had seen him at a distance, and passed him on the sidewalk in Chicago a few days before.

Mr. Lincoln was on the platform in front of the court-house when Mr. Douglas spoke,

and replied to the Senator when he had finished. I regretted to hear some hard words which passed between them while Mr. Douglas was speaking.

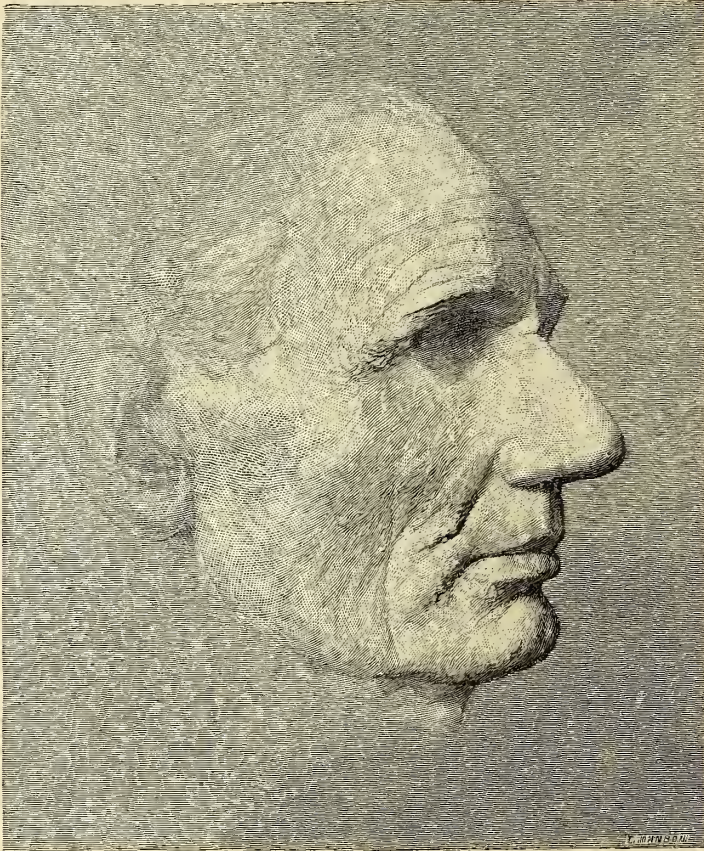
The next day we all stopped at the town of Lincoln, where short speeches were made by the contestants, and dinner was served at the hotel, after which, and as Mr. Lincoln came out on the plank-walk in front, I was formally presented to him. He saluted me with his natural cordiality, grasping my hand in both his large hands with a vice-like grip, and, looking down into my face with his beaming dark, dull eyes, said:

"How do you do? I am glad to meet you. I have read of you in the papers: you are making a statue of Judge Douglas for Governor Matteson's new house?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "and sometime, when you are in Chicago and can spare the time, I would like to have you sit to me for your bust."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Volk—shall be glad to, the first opportunity I have."

All were soon on board the long train, crowded with people, going to hear the speeches at Springfield. The train stopped on the track, near Edwards's Grove, in the northern outskirts of the town, where staging was erected and a vast crowd waiting under the shade of the trees. On leaving the train, most of the passengers climbed over the fences and crossed the stubble-field, taking a short-cut to the grove, among them Mr. Lincoln, who stalked forward alone, taking immense strides, the before-mentioned carpet-bag and an umbrella in his hands, and his coat-skirts flying in the breeze. I managed to keep pretty close in the rear of the tall, gaunt figure, with the head craned forward, apparently much over the balance, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, that was moving something like a hurricane across that rough



LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.)

stubble-field! He approached the rail-fence, sprang over it as nimbly as a boy of eighteen, and disappeared from my sight. Soon after, and while Douglas was speaking, Mr. Lincoln suddenly re-appeared in the crowd, mounted upon a fine, spirited horse.

In the evening I went to hear him speak in the Hall of Representatives of the old State House. He spoke with much deliberation and earnestness, and I thought there was sadness in his tone of voice; he reminded his friends of the difficulty of carrying the State for himself, owing to the way in which it was districted at the time, and cautioned them not to be over-sanguine—to be prepared for defeat; if they wished for victory, no stone must be left unturned.

I did not see him again for nearly two years. I spent most of the winter of 1860 in Washington, publishing a statuette of Senator Douglas, and just before leaving, in the month of March, I called upon Mr. Douglas's colleague in the Senate from Illinois, and asked him if he had an idea as to who would be the probable nominee of the Republican party for President, that I might model a bust of him in advance. He replied that he did not have the least particle of an idea who he would be, only that it would not be Judge Douglas.

I returned to Chicago, and got my studio in the "Portland Block" in order and ready for work, and began to consider whose bust I should first begin in the clay, when I noticed in a morning paper that Abraham Lincoln was in town—retained as one of the counsel in a "Sand-bar" trial, in which the Michigan Central Railroad was either plaintiff or defendant. I at once decided to remind him of his promise to sit to me, made two years before. I found him in the United States District Court-room (in a building known at the time as the "Larmon Block"), his feet on the edge of a table, one of his fingers thrust into his mouth, and his long, dark hair standing out at every imaginable angle, apparently uncombed for a week. He was surrounded by a group of lawyers, such as James F. Joy, Isaac N. Arnold, Thomas Hoyne, and others. Mr. Arnold obtained his attention in my behalf, when he instantly arose and met me outside the rail, recognizing me at once with his usual grip of both hands. He remembered his promise, and said, in answer to my question, that he expected to be detained by the case for a week. He added:

"I shall be glad to give you the sittings. When shall I come, and how long will you need me each time?"

Just after breakfast, every morning, would, he said, suit him the best, and he could remain till court opened, at ten o'clock. I

answered that I would be ready for him the next morning, Thursday. This was in the early part of April, 1860.

"Very well, Mr. Volk, I will be there, and I'll go to a barber and have my hair cut before I come."

I requested him not to let the barber cut it too short, and said I would rather he would leave it as it was; but to this he would not consent. Then, all of a sudden, he ran his fingers through his hair, and said:

"No, I cannot come to-morrow, as I have an engagement with Mr. W—— to go to Evanston to-morrow and attend an entertainment; but I'd rather come and sit to you for the bust than go there and meet a lot of college professors and others, all strangers to me. And I will be obliged if you will go to Mr. W——'s office now, and get me released from the engagement. I will wait here till you come back."

So off I posted, but Mr. W—— would not release him, because, he said, it would be a great disappointment to the people he had invited. Mr. Lincoln looked quite sorry when I reported to him the failure of my mission.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I must go, but I will come to you Friday morning."

He was there promptly—indeed, he never failed to be on time. My studio was in the fifth story, and there were no elevators in those days, and I soon learned to distinguish his steps on the stairs, and am sure he frequently came up two, if not three, steps at a stride. When he sat down the first time in that hard, wooden, low-armed chair which I still possess, and which has been occupied by Douglas, Seward, and Generals Grant and Dix, he said:

"Mr. Volk, I have never sat before to sculptor or painter—only for daguerreotypes and photographs. What shall I do?"

I told him I would only take the measurements of his head and shoulders that time, and next morning, Saturday, I would make a cast of his face, which would save him a number of sittings. He stood up against the wall and I made a mark above his head, and then measured up to it from the floor, and said:

"You are just twelve inches taller than Judge Douglas, that is, just six feet one inch."

Before commencing the cast next morning, and knowing Mr. Lincoln's fondness for a story, I told him one in order to remove what I thought an apprehensive expression—as though he feared the operation might be dangerous; and this is the story:

I occasionally employed a little black-eyed, black-haired, and dark-skinned Italian as a *formatore* in plaster work, who had related to me a short time before that himself and a

comrade image-vender were "doing" Switzerland by hawking their images. One day, a Swiss gentleman asked him if he could make his likeness in plaster. "Oh, yes, signor; I am a sculptor!" So Matteo Mattei—such was the name of the pretender—got some plaster, laid the big Swiss gentleman on his back, stuck a quill in each nostril for him to breathe through, and requested him to close his eyes. Then "Mat," as I called him, poured the soft plaster all over his face and forehead; then he paused for reflection; as the plaster was beginning to set he became frightened, as he had never before undertaken such a job, and had neglected to prepare the face properly, especially the gentleman's huge beard, mustache, and the hair about the temples and forehead, through which, of course, the plaster had run and become solid. "Mat" made an excuse to go outside the door—"then," said he, "I run like —."

I saw Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkle with mirth. "How did he get it off?" said he.

I answered that probably, after reasonable waiting for the *scultore*, he had to break it off, and cut and pull out all the hair which the tenacious plaster touched, the best way he could. "Mat" said he took special pains to avoid that particular part of Switzerland after that artistic experience. But his companion, who somewhat resembled him, not knowing anything of his partner's performance, was soon after overhauled by the gentleman and nearly cudgelled to death.

Upon hearing this, the tears actually trickled down Mr. Lincoln's bronzed cheeks, and he was at once in the best of humors. He sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast, and saw every move I made in a mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on without interference with his eyesight or his free breathing through the nostrils. It was about an hour before the mold was ready to be removed, and being all in one piece, with both ears perfectly taken, it clung pretty hard, as the cheek-bones were higher than the jaws at the lobe of the ear. He bent his head low and took hold of the mold, and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury; it hurt a little, as a few hairs of the tender temples pulled out with the plaster and made his eyes water; but the remembrance of the poor Swiss gentleman evidently kept him in good mood.

He entered my studio on Sunday morning, remarking that a friend at the hotel (Tremont House) had invited him to attend church, "but," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thought I'd rather come and sit for the bust. The fact is," he continued, "I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man

preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!" And he extended his long arms, at the same time suiting the action to the words. He gave me on this day a long sitting of more than four hours, and when it was concluded, went to our family apartment, on the corner of the building across the corridor from the studio, to look at a collection of photographs which I had made in 1855-6-7, in Rome and Florence. While sitting in the rocking-chair, he took my little son on his lap and spoke kindly to him, asking his name, age, etc. I held the photographs up and explained them to him, but I noticed a growing weariness, and his eyelids closed occasionally as if he were sleepy, or were thinking of something besides Grecian and Roman statuary and architecture. Finally he said: "These things must be very interesting to you, Mr. Volk, but the truth is I don't know much of history, and all I do know of it I have learned from law-books."

The sittings were continued daily till the Thursday following, and, during their continuance, he would talk almost unceasingly, telling some of the funniest and most laughable of stories, but he talked little of politics or religion during those sittings. He said: "I am bored nearly every time I sit down to a public dining-table by some one pitching into me on politics." Upon one occasion he spoke most enthusiastically of his profound admiration of Henry Clay, saying that he "almost worshiped him."

I remember, also, that he paid a high compliment to the late Gen. William A. Richardson, and said: "I regard him as one of the truest men that ever lived; he sticks to Judge Douglas through thick and thin—never deserted him, and never will. I admire such a man! By the by, Mr. Volk, he is now in town, and stopping at the Tremont. May I bring him with me to-morrow to see the bust?" Accordingly, he brought him and two other old friends, ex-Lieut.-Gov. McMurtry, of Illinois, and Ebenezer Peck, all of whom looked a moment at the clay model, saying it was "just like him!" Then they began to tell stories and rehearse reminiscences, one after another. I can imagine I now hear their hearty laughs, just as I can see, as if photographed, the tall figure of Lincoln striding across that stubble-field.

Many people, presumably political aspirants with an eye to future prospects, besieged my door for interviews, but I made it a rule to keep it locked, and I think Mr. Lincoln appreciated the precaution.

The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the

head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them; so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat, and collar, threw them on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a murmur for an hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to re-dress, but he said: "No. I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking toward him, wishing to catch the form as accurately as possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-bye! I will see you again soon," passed out. A few moments after, I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming: "Hello, Mr. Volk! I got down on the sidewalk and found I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth frock-coat! I went at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and re-dress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

On a Thursday in the month of June following, Mr. Lincoln received the nomination on the third ballot for President of the United States. And it happened that on the same day I was on the cars, nearing Springfield. About midday, we reached Bloomington, and there learned of his nomination. At three or four o'clock, we arrived at our destination. The afternoon was lovely—bright and sunny, neither too warm nor too cool; the grass, trees, and the hosts of blooming roses, so profuse in Springfield, appeared to be vying with the ringing bells and waving flags.

As soon as I had brushed off the dust and registered at the old Chenery House, I went straight to Mr. Lincoln's unpretentious little two-story house. He saw me from his door or window coming down the street, and as I entered the gate, he was on the platform in front of the door, and quite alone. His face looked radiant. I exclaimed: "I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President." Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten. And while shaking, I said: "Now that you will doubtless be the next President of the United States, I want to make a statue of you, and shall do my best to do you justice." Said he: "I don't doubt it, for I have come to the conclusion that you are an honest man," and with that

greeting I thought my hands were in a fair way of being crushed. I was invited into the parlor, and soon Mrs. Lincoln entered, holding a rose-bouquet in her hand, which she presented to me after the introduction; and in return I gave her a cabinet-size bust of her husband, which I had modeled from the large one, and happened to have with me. Before leaving the house, it was arranged that Mr. Lincoln would give Saturday forenoon to obtaining full-length photographs to serve me for the proposed statue.

On Saturday evening, the committee appointed by the Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln formally of his nomination, headed by Mr. Ashman, of Massachusetts, reached Springfield by special train, bearing a large number of people, two or three hundred of whom carried rails on their shoulders, marching in military style from the train to the old State House Hall of Representatives, where they stacked them like muskets. The evening was beautiful and clear, and the entire population was astir. The bells pealed, flags waved, and cannon thundered forth the triumphant nomination of Springfield's favorite and distinguished citizen. The bonfires blazed brightly, and especially in front of that prim-looking white house on Eighth street. The committee and the vast crowd following passed in at the front door, and made their exit through the kitchen door in the rear, Mr. Lincoln giving them all a hearty shake of the hand as they passed him in the parlor.

After it was all over and the crowd dispersed, late in the evening, I took a stroll and passed the house. A few small boys only were in the street, trying to keep up a little blaze among the dying embers of the bonfire. One of them cried out:

"Here, Bill *Lincoln*—here's a stick."

Another chimed in:

"I've got a good one, Bill"—a picket he had slyly knocked from a door-yard fence.

By previous appointment, I was to cast Mr. Lincoln's hands on the Sunday following this memorable Saturday, at nine A. M. I found him ready, but he looked more grave and serious than he had appeared on the previous days. I wished him to hold something in his right hand, and he looked for a piece of paste-board, but could find none. I told him a round stick would do as well as anything. Thereupon he went to the wood-shed, and I heard the saw go, and he soon returned to the dining-room (where I did the work), whittling off the end of a piece of broom-handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges.

"Oh, well," said he, "I thought I would like to have it nice."

When I had successfully cast the mold of the right hand, I began the left, pausing a few moments to hear Mr. Lincoln tell me about a scar on the thumb.

"You have heard that they call me a rail-splitter, and you saw them carrying rails in the procession Saturday evening; well, it is true that I did split rails, and one day, while I was sharpening a wedge on a log, the ax glanced and nearly took my thumb off, and there is the scar, you see."

The right hand appeared swollen as compared with the left, on account of excessive hand-shaking the evening before; this difference is distinctly shown in the cast.

That Sunday evening I returned to Chicago with the molds of his hands, three photographic negatives of him, the identical black alpaca campaign-suit of 1858, and a pair of Lynn newly made pegged boots. The clothes were all burned up in the great Chicago fire. The casts of the face and hands I saved by taking them with me to Rome, and they have crossed the sea four times.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, at his house in Springfield. His little parlor was full of friends and politicians. He introduced me to them all, and remarked to me aside that, since he had sat to me for his

bust, he had lost forty pounds in weight. This was easily perceptible, for the lines of his jaws were very sharply defined through the short beard which he was allowing to grow. Then he turned to the company, and announced in a general way that I had made a bust of him before his nomination, and that he was then giving daily sittings, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, to another sculptor; that he had sat to him for a week or more, but could not see the likeness, though he might yet bring it out.

"But," continued Mr. Lincoln, "in two or three days after Mr. Volk commenced my bust, there was the animal himself!"

And this was about the last, if not the last, remark I ever heard him utter, except the good-bye and his good wishes for my success.

I have omitted to say that, when sitting in April for the model, and speaking of his Cooper Institute speech delivered in New York a short time before, he said that he had arranged and composed this speech in his mind while going on the cars from Camden to Jersey City. When having his photograph taken at Springfield, he spoke of Colonel Ellsworth, whom he had met a short time before, and whose company of Zouaves he had seen drill. Lincoln said:

"He is the greatest little man I ever met!"

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## THE HIEROGLYPHS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

In May, 1841, Mr. John L. Stephens published his work on the antiquities of Central America in two volumes, richly illustrated by elaborate drawings made on the spot by his fellow-traveler, Mr. Catherwood. In three months nine editions were sold, and in 1842 the twelfth edition was printed. This rapid sale speaks not only of the great value of the book, but of the popular interest in the subject of which it treats—an interest which still exists, as is shown by the continued sale of these volumes.

It is safe to say that nearly all of the current information on the subject of Central American archæology is still derived from this work, which has not been superseded by any of the writings of later explorers, although it has been admirably supplemented by the photographs of De Charnay and others.\*

The cuts which accompany the present

article are all copied from those given by Stephens, except the few which have been taken direct from Mr. Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States," and from monographs, for comparison.

It will be impossible here to give any sketch of the nature and meaning of the statues, temples, etc. still existing in Yucatan. A general knowledge of the history of past researches must be assumed, and if it is lacking, it can be supplied by consulting the two works named.

The complete proof of any one of the propositions which I shall lay down is also not to be given within the short limits of a single article. For a detailed account, I must refer to the Annual Report (for 1880) of the Director of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, in which I have given a full, though condensed, history of the work which has been accomplished.

It will, however, be interesting to examine the question of the deciphering of the Yucatec hieroglyphs a little nearer. Let the reader

\* The results of the explorations of M. de Charnay are now in course of publication in the "North American Review."—ED. C. M.